

Prediction

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Summary: On the night of Hiccup's birth Stoic is visited by the village elder, and the visit turns out rather interesting...

Prediction

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****A/N:**** It's a really, really old piece of work â€" I wrote it back in January. Well, I think it's time I posted it :) So, back that time I wrote several HTTYD one-shots, and I'll post the others as well with time â€" I even have one which I planned to be about five chapters long, but have written only the first chapter so far â€" but I swear, I'll finish that one as well :) Also, this one is based on a true story what happened with my mum when I was born. Enjoy!

****Disclaimer**:** Sadly, I don't own How To Train Your Dragon. But I might will, if only I could make a "small" fortune, and buy DreamWorks :) daydreams, daydreamsâ€|

Stoick remembered the day when Hiccup was born. When the midwife gave the baby to him, and he was able to hold his son for the very first time, he was taken aback how small and delicate he was. The whole thing was no bigger than a loaf of bread; the infant could almost fit into one of his palms. Although he wasn't an expert in newborns, even he knew that his son was born way too soon, and was supposed to be bigger, stronger.

That day, the chief was certain that his firstborn would not live to see his first full moon.

This pained him, but he was a Viking, through and through, and he didn't like to be affectionate. He didn't weep. The best he could do was turning his frustration on the first person who entered his house

that night " the village elder.

It was a custom that after the parents and the midwife, the elder was the first one to see any new addition to the village. After all, it was her job to introduce the babes to the gods and the population of Berk. And even though the elderly woman was well past sixty even then, she was a feisty little thing. Upon arriving, she roughly knocked Stoick's knee with her walking stick, commanding him to lower the baby so she could get a glimpse at him.

She's seen many infants, and could read them very well, almost being able to read their futures in their still red, wrinkled faces, in their first grimaces. And oh yes, this one, she knew immediately, this boy was most certainly going to be an interesting lad. A small smile crept to her lips.

Stoick openly snorted.

"Stop with that now, you!" the elder warned him quietly, but it didn't lack the sense of authority. There weren't many people in Berk who could hit this note against the chief, but she was one of them. "The new moon is in three days. We could hold the introducing ceremony then. What do you think?" She added in a much gentler voice.

But Stoick was adamant, and it was easier this way, anyway.

"I see no point in the whole ado. You know as well as I do, that he won't live long enough that the introducing would count." He grumbled. The elder, with one swift motion, hit him in the head with her stick. Even though he wasn't wearing a helmet, Stoick didn't even flinch.

"Nonsense!" exclaimed the elder. "I'll tell you now, Stoick The Vast, that this boy is going to be a great man one day. Even greater than you. He has a brilliant mind, and brilliant mind, and the soul of a warrior, but by Odin's name, you are going to have a great deal of problems with him until that day! Remember my words!"

And Stoick remembered.

In the end, Hiccup was really introduced to Berk during the next new moon, and the gods most likely was content with the sacrifice, since the little boy, Stoick The Vast only heir, as it later turned out, not only lived to see his first full moon, but many more afterwards.

As for the elder's prediction, the second part of it had been proven true soon enough " marked with destroyed catapults, missing sheep, half-burned down houses, and the list went on and on. For the first fifteen years of his life, Hiccup seemed doing no more than causing trouble.

Then came the dragon training, then the battle with the Green Death, then the new era with the dragons working alongside with them|

And now, looking at his son instructing some of the more stubborn Vikings how to ride a dragon, all calm and so chief-like, unknown pride swelled in his chest.

And he didn't need to look at the village elder to know that she had a rather smug smile on her face.

I told you so.

End
file.